

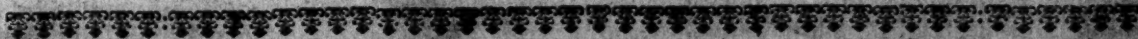
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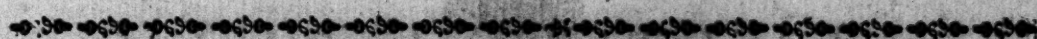
S O P H R O N :

A P O E M.

OCCASION'D by the DEATH

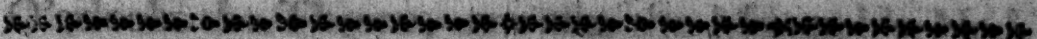
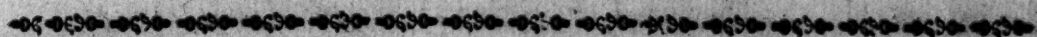
OF THE LATE

Rev'd. Mr. ROBERT WRIGHT.



-----Carmen  
*Instruit Exemplis Orientia tempora Notis.*

---Dignum Laude Virum Musa vetat mori. HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, at the *Buck* in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M. DCC. XLIV.

( Price One Shilling. )



2 O P H R O W .

A P O E M .

Occasion'd by the DEATH

OF THE LATE

Rev'd. Mr. ROBERT WRIGHT.



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S O P H R O N :

A P O E M.

Occasion'd by the DEATH of the late

Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. ROBERT WRIGHT.

**O** THOU SUPREME, whom Gods their GOD confess!  
 Past Wonder great, and glorious past Excess!  
 Forgive ~~the~~ Muse, who can but mean thy Praise!  
 Yet swells her Song, and triumphs in Essays;  
 O'erlooks the Throne, nor asks the Monarch's Nod,  
 But boldly dares to DEDICATE to GOD.  
 O guide---O guard me!--on advent'rous Wing,  
 A SOPHRON's Praise, the Praise of Heav'n I sing.

Perish



X Perish my Verse!--If e'er one guilty Line,  
 Raise the young Blush, or check the chaste Design;  
 Teach *Rage* to stab, while *Candour* smiles confess,  
 Or with bright VIRTUE not like VIRTUE blest;  
 O'er Thrones of Heaven exalt the Throne of State,  
 Or call him Good, whom GOD hath made but Great.  
 Give Fame, give Glory, where thy Will shall please!  
 But guard me, Heav'n, from ev'ry Crime like these!

From Earth's dull Views TRUTH bids my Soul aspire,  
 Mount on her Wing, and catch Coelestial Fire,  
 To circling Worlds display a Parent's Fame,  
 And raise the Song on his eternal Name;  
 The distant Poles with Wonder (as it flies)  
 Shall catch the Sound, re-echo'd from the Skies.

Crowds, Courts, and Crowns, in Rapture I resign;  
 Your chaster Sweets, ye *Albury* \* *Graves*, be mine!  
 From peaceful Shades an easy Transport's giv'n;  
 The Joys of Peace, how near the Joys of Heav'n!

\* At *Chestnut* in *Hertfordshire*, whither Mr. *Wright* retir'd for the Benefit  
 of his Health.



O! sacred Solitude! O Blissful State!  
 The dear Antithesis to being Great,  
 Thine! Thine! the Pleasures of the Best above,  
 Whose Heav'n is Peace, is Liberty, is Love.  
 Far, far from Cares the Moments glide away,  
 Serene and silent, as the Gales of May;  
 Joys soft and solid (such Archangels know)  
 Through ev'ry Vein, o'er ev'ry Feature flow.  
 Here, Thought, all-sacred, rises unconfined,  
 Here, all Heav'n's Glories open on the Mind;  
 Here, the Free Spirit drops her Earthly Load,  
 And Contemplation lifts her Able to God;  
 Rapt to new Heav'ns, clad in airy Wings,  
 Thus smiles the Soul, and spurns the Pride of Kings.  
 Far from the Trifles and the Toils of State,  
 From Pomp, from Pow'r, from all that's Meanly Great;  
 Retir'd from Care, remote from publick View,  
 Thus SONNUS sang, and bid the World adieu.

These scenes—thy Scenes, O Solitude! He lov'd;  
 Where, pleas'd, the Saint in mingling Rapture rovd;  
 B Ye

‡ The Place here mention'd was his favourite Retirement, where he frequently studied the Discourses he design'd for the Publick.



Ye sacred † Shades, of ev'ry Charm possess! O  
 By Nature favour'd, and by Serpents blest! The  
 Where ev'ry Pleasure smiles in ev'ry Scene! I  
 And Joy Eternal lives along the Green; Whole  
 Say, for your Zephyrs, as He pass'd along, Far  
 Rais'd the young Flame that fir'd his future Song; 2  
 Say, Nature † says (who brighten'd at the View) 1  
 Say, how he Talk'd with Heav'n, and Walk'd with You.

With Audious step the secret Path He trod, Here  
 Alone to all, but Nature and his God; Here  
 His God, who bloom'd in ev'ry painted Vale; And  
 His God, who breath'd in ev'ry panting Gale; R  
 His God, who stoop'd in ev'ry falling Show'r; T  
 His God, who rose from ev'ry op'ning Flow'r;  
 His God, who charm'd him in the rising Glade,  
 Warm'd in the Sun, and cool'd him in the Shade; I  
 Who bow'd the Skies, to gild the Path He trod; R  
 Each Thought was Heav'n, and All his Soul was God.

These Scenes— thy Scenes, O *Solitude*! He lov'd;  
 Where, pleas'd, the Saint in musing Rapture rov'd;

† The Place here mention'd was his favourite Retirement, where he frequently studied the Discourses he design'd for the Publick.



All *Nature's* Musick hail'd her fav'rite Guest,  
And Thousands join'd to make One Mortal blest.

Such! such the Bliss! (by Angels own'd Divine)  
Which All was SOPHRON's and All SOPHRON mine.  
While Joys like These the *present* Hour posselt,  
I fondly dar'd to call'd the *future* blest.  
Thus pluckt the Pleasure—e'er the Pleasure sprang,  
And thus, elate, with Wilt Prophetick sang  
“ New Suns shall rise, new Raptures still be given,  
“ My Sire be mine, and Earth still rival Heav'n  
“ Still SOPHRON shine, still ev'ry Pleasure bloom,  
“ And Transport steal whole Ages from the Tomb.”

But oh! the direful Change what Pow'r reveals?  
What Bard can paint it, but the Bard who feels?  
Joy, like the Flash that bursts the darken'd Skies,  
Gives a short Day, and, as it shines, it dies.  
Proud Man—what is He in his sphere below?  
Now rapt on Transport,—and now plung'd in Woe!  
Like the light Bark, thro' Night in Tempests tost,  
Now hid in Heav'n, in Hell's Abyss now lost.

Night



Night shades the Scenes, where SOPHRON gave the  
 Death's Silence reigns, where Rapture pour'd the Lay;  
 Penfive the *Nine*, their Lyres untun'd, unstrung,  
 Brood in Dumb-Grief, and Sigh where once they Sung.  
 With ghostly Stalk I haunt the with'ring Glade,  
 And plant new Horrors on the deep'ning Shade;  
 Sad on the Turf (now fled the feather'd Throng)  
 I sooth my Woes with solitary Song,  
 Thro' the drear Grove the mournful Numbers flow,  
 Whose Gloom is Sun-shine to My Air of Woe!  
 In vain to Nature's Aid my Sighs appeal,  
 Not *Echo's* self repeats the Griefs I feel.

O THOU! who once (when Infant-Sorrow prest)  
 Sooth'd the young Pain, and smil'd my Soul to Rest,  
 When Danger's Scenes were doom'd my adverse Share,  
 Whose Pray'rs pursued,---my Guardian-Angels---there,  
 When arduous Tasks, when dubious Paths were try'd,  
 Whose With assum'd the Ray Divine, to guide;  
 O still---(if Woe can pierce the Bliss above,  
 And Saints may pity from the Realms of Love)

Pleas'd



Pleas'd with the Homage that the Muse hath giv'n,  
 ---The Muse that waits on VIRTUE to her Heav'n,---  
 View with soft Pity (smiling from thy Throne)  
 A Son! once *Lov'd*, once *Blest*, once call'd *Your Own*!  
 To Earth's bright Scenes, who bids a long adieu;  
 This, his last Joy---to think of Heav'n and You.

O might the sacred Fire but touch my Tongue!  
 That beams from GABRIEL, and irradiates YOUNG!  
 Such Sounds should flow, as never flow in vain,  
*Hell* feel a Joy, and *Envy* bless the Strain;  
 Charm'd with my Song, the *Fates* with back their Doom,  
 And *SOPHON* rise Immortal from the Tomb!

O THOU, whose Praise (too high for Mortal Song)  
 Now mix'd with Heav'n's, employs the Seraph-Throng!  
 Forgive the Will! (the Will may Heav'n deny!)  
 Forgive the Tongue, that calls thee from the Sky!  
 Forgive the Bard, who dares the Theme below,  
 And clouds that VIRTUE--which his Pride would show.

With

C

When



When Heav'n first opens on the Morn of *May*,  
 Thus Atoms hail the rising God of Day,  
 Dance in his Beams, expatiate in his Rays,  
 And shade the *Glory* which they mean to praise.

Yet--- see! the Muse (by Youth depress'd her Wing,  
 Once all her Glory but a Wish to sing)  
 Rapt on thy Fame, exult in Worlds unknown,  
 Look down, and call *Eternity*— her own!  
 The Pow'rs divine re-chant her sacred Lays,  
 All Heav'n exults o'er *thy Saint in Praise*;  
 The *Theme*, that Angels own (Archangels' Will!)  
 Exalts their Heav'n, and gives new Joy to Bliss;  
 The *Theme*, that fires me, where my Numbers faint,  
 And points the *Angel*, where I cloud the *Saint*.

Mortals, attend! and learn the Path He trod:  
 Whose Morn was *Virtue*, and whose Evening God.

Bright with each Grace, with ev'ry Virtue fir'd,  
 Approv'd, confest, by all the God inspir'd,

With



With Heav'n's bright Truths He swell'd the sacred Song,  
And pour'd SALVATION o'er the won'dring Throng.

When yet the Bliss was giv'n, the Bliss to Hear,  
The Soul, all-ardent, hasten'd to the Ear;  
See LOVE in Eloquence more lovely shine!  
More sacred TRUTH! bright VIRTUE more divine!  
Heav'n fill'd his Heart, and Heav'n o'erflow'd his  
—A GOD descended in each Note he sung. [Tongue,

When PARRY raved, and raved without Controul,  
And all Her *Party* triumph'd in the Soul,  
With Rage, malignant as the Pestal Breath,  
With † *Basil*-Eye, whose ev'ry Glance is Death,  
With blasting Thunders, where her Curies fell,  
Each Word DAMNATION, and each With an HELE!  
When each bold Son (unrivall'd in the Throne)  
Seiz'd on the Skies, and doom'd all Heav'n his own,  
With impious Stride usurp'd the sacred Road,  
With envious Pride monopoliz'd the God,  
With Godlike Air HE gave the *gen'ral* Call,  
And greatly dar'd to open † Heav'n to All.

† The *Basilisk*.

† By this is only intended the general manner of his Address, unconfin'd to *Party*, his deepest Aversion.



FOE to no Sect, to all Mankind the FRIEND,  
 He spread the Bliss— the Skies had deign'd to send.  
 From yon bright Orb the Beams impartial fall ;  
 Thus Heav'n and SOPHRON shine alike on All.  
 In *Act* all-lovely, as in *Life* all Love,  
 He beam'd new Glories to the Pow'rs above ;  
 Till Seraphs with'd their Fellow-Saint on high,  
 And Heav'n's High Ruler call'd him to the Sky.

Thrones are but Toys, and Palaces but Dust ;  
 (An earlier Heav'n, the Deathbed of the Just.)  
 This may I view with never-erring Eye,  
 And dare to Live, as SOPHRON dar'd to Dye.

How bright the Scene, while † *Pain* prolongs his  
 He smiles in Torture, and exults in Death. [Breath !  
 Who points the blissful-dreadful Path He trod ?  
 All Hell the Mortal, and the Saint all God.  
 'Twas thus, in Pity to his weight of Woes,  
 Heav'n kindly stoop'd to meet him as He rose ;

† Mr. Wright died in the most exquisite Torture, but ever expressed the most  
 happy Assurance of reaching the Heav'n for which he so patiently waited.

† The Bishop.  
 † By this is only intended the general manner of his Address, unconfined  
 Part, his deepest Aversion.



With Air sublime, like RAPTURE on her Throne;  
He shouts, to hail an Heav'n To near--- his own.

Thus mounts the Lark (Impatient for the Skies)  
Joy the bold Wing on which she soars, supplies;  
Born on soft Song, as yon first Heav'n she gains,  
She swells her Note to fill the widening Plains;  
Still to new Worlds her wondrous Course she steers,  
And springs to Learn the Musick of the Spheres;  
She feels---she joins the all-enchanting Lay,  
Sublimely lost in Ecstasy and Day.

[Change!  
O DEATH! how dread thy Task! how bright thy  
Supremely pleasing, and divinely strange!  
From Racks, from Deaths, and from dull Earth He flew,  
And shines, O Heav'n's eternal King, with You!

He proves, ye Powers! how vast your Bliss above,  
Whole Heav'n is FRIENDSHIP, and whole GOD is Love.

There, blooms the Saint; there, only more divine,  
Half Angel here! the Form, O CÆLIA, thine!

D

On

† A Lady who died some time before Mr. Wright. As the Author then intended to express that Gratitude which (he is sensible) he ow'd; he now takes the Liberty of mentioning her with that Respect which she more than deserv'd.



On Earth who shone with ev'ry Beauty fir'd,  
 Not brighter VIRTUE,— VIRTUE less admir'd!  
 Fairest of all, the all-divinely Fair,  
 Whose Millions press'd to hail th' *Immortal* there ;  
 She sprung all-ardent with the fond Surprise,  
 She flew (like Sun-beams darts from the Skies ;) *Joy*  
 Seiz'd the Embrace, with Transport all-divine ;  
 'Twas a new *Heav'n* to meet a Sire like mine :  
 All *Heav'n* is Wonder—Angels burst to Praise,  
 Feel a new Rapture, and fall back to gaze.

What strange Antithesis is doom'd to MAN ?  
 His Life— Eternity ; his Breath— a Span !  
 Dull Dust of Earth, bright Pride of Angel-Forms !  
 Boast of Omnipotence, and Scorn of Worms.

On Earth the SAINT, tho' number'd with the Dead,  
 Tho' meanly common with the Dust we tread ;  
 Tho' no proud Marble (proud to wear his Name)  
 August, ambitious, triumphs in his Fame,  
 Moves on his Praise to join th' applauding Sky ;  
 In *Satan's* Praise ev'n *Marble* cannot lye.

Fixt,

† A lady who died some time before Mr. Warton. As the Author then intended to express that *Gratitude* which (he is sensible) he ow'd, he now takes the liberty of mentioning her with that Respect which the more than belov'd.



Fixt, ever fixt in yon Sublime unknown,  
 Life is his Crown, Eternity his Throne ;  
 (Bliss all the Business in that bright Abode)  
 He lives on Rapture, and exults in God.

Bright in my Breast would Heav'n's informing Ray  
 Shine, but to guide my erring Soul the Way ;  
 Would yon' bright Seraph, who was once my Sire,  
 Smile from his Heav'n, and bid my Soul aspire ;  
 Sublime in Rapture and divinely bold,  
 I'd paint his Bliss, and bid the WORLD behold !  
 To Earth's glad Millions point the Path HE trod,  
 And dare to follow----till I reach'd to God.

F I N I S.





Time unknown,

a Throne;

right Abode)

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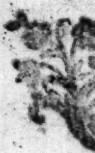
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child to God.





First, ever fixt in yon Sublime air  
 Life is his Crown, Eternity his Throne  
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F. V. V. S.

